# The Doubting Virgin,

AND

## *The Conſtant Young-man.*

Obſerve what here is put in Print,
All you that do love merriment;
Tune of, *The Repriev'd Captive.*

It's for Young-men and Maids alſo
Stay and hear't o're before you go.
By *Tobias Bowne.*

O My deareſt do not ſlight me,
for my love to thee is true;
There is none but thee can right me,
never change me for a new,
You intrude me, and delude me,
I think you cannot it deny:
Now you leave me and deceive me,
but can ſhow no reaſon why.

I wonder young-men are ſo croſsful,
ſince Virgins are ſo full of love?
That makes Maids to be ſo baſhful,
thinking how Young-men will move,
But if in proving, they were loving,
as they formerly pretend;
Then how neatly and compleatly,
ſhould we live till life doth end.

The Mans Anſwer.

Oh my Dear, why do'ſt thou doubt me,
that to thee I'll prove unkind;
I think my ſelf not well without thee,
thou art always in my mind;
If I do leave thee, or deceive thee,
then I wiſh nothing may thrive,
Nor let never, my endeavour,
proſper whilſt I am alive.

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THou art ſhe whom I love dearly,
what can any man ſay more;
This is my mind I ſpeak it freely,
I never ſaid ſo much before,
Then ſweet believe me; for it did grieve me
to hear the moan my love did make,
My deareſt Love I'le conſtant prove,
or believe no man for my ſake.

The Maids Anſwer.

My dear, what can there be expected,
whilſt that we on earth do dwell?
Let not true love be neglected,
then will every thing do well:
This my ſpeches, though we have riches
my ſweet heart I you call
For all mony, my dear hony,
true love is the beſt of all.

Suppoſe that we had all the treaſure,
that's in England to be ſeen
Or if that we had all the pleaſure
that belongeth to a Queen;
Obſerve my ſpeeches, I mean the riches
that upon ſome men do fall,
For all their pleaſure, and their treaſure,
true love is the beſt of all,

The Man.

Why do you uſe ſuch expreſſion,
unto me who am your own,
My heart you have in your poſſeſſion,
unto you it is well known:
Pray never doubt it, nor pauſe about it
my deareſt love 'tis thou art ſhe;
Water ſhall burn, and Wind ne'r turn,
if that I prove falſe to thee.

This full glaſs I hope to drink it
in remembrance of my dear,
Happy is the hour I think it,
that I met my true love here;
Now in pleaſure without meaſure,
we will paſs the time away,
Come my ſweet heart, we'l kiſs and part
for now we can no longer ſtay.

So they parted for that inſtant,
they both then were firm and true,
If all young people were ſo conſtant,
what need there be ſo much ado?
There needs no weeping, nor loſe ſleeping
if they did in love agree;
Nor no ſhaking, nor heart breaking,
pray obſerve this thing from me.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ba
in Pye-corner.